Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
And therevpon he ſends you this good newes:
That this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene, muſt die at *Pomfret*.
Haſt. Indeed I am no mourner for this newes,
Becauſe they haue beene ſtill mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voyce on *Richards* ſide,
To barre my maiſters heires in true diſcent,
God knowes I will not do it to the death.
Cat. God keepe your Lordſhip in that gracious minde.
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelmonth hence,
That they who brought me in my maiſters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedie:
I tell the *Catesby*. *Cat*. What my Lord?
Haſt. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile ſend ſome packing, that yet thinke not on it.
Cat. 'Tis a vile thing to die my gratious Lord
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.
Haſt. O monſtrous, monſtrous, and ſo falls it out
With *Riuers, Vaughan, Gray*: and ſo twill doo
With ſome men elſe, who thinke themſelues as ſafe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowſt are deare
To princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.
Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
Haſt. I know they do, and I haue well deſerued it.
Enter Lord Stanley.
What my L. where is your Boare-ſpeare man?
Feare you the Boare, and goe you ſo vnprouided?
Stan. My L. good morrow: good morrow *Catesby*:
You may ieſt on, but by the holy Roode,
I do not like theſe ſeuerall councels I.
Haſt. My L. I hold my life as deare as you do yours,
And neuer in my life I do proteſt,
Was it more precious to me then it is now,
Thinke you, but that I know our ſtate ſecure,
I would beſo tryumphant as I am?
Sta. The Lords of *Pomfret* when they rode from London
Were iocund, and ſuppoſde their ſtates was ſure,
And

And indeed had no cauſe to miſtruſt
But yet you ſee how ſoone the day o
This ſudden ſcab of rancor I miſdo
Pray God, I ſay, I proue a needleſſe
But come my L. ſhall we to the Tow
Haſt. I go: but ſtay, heare you no
This day thoſe men you talke of, are
Sta. They for their truth might b
Then ſome that haue accuſed them
But come my L. let vs away.
Haſt. Go you before, Ile follow pr
Enter Haſtings a Purſ
Haſt. Well met *Haſtings*, how goes
Pur. The better that it pleaſe you
Haſt. I tell thee fellow, 'tis better w
Then when I met thee laſt where no
Then was I going priſoner to the T
By the ſuggeſtion of the Queenes a
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy ſ
This day thoſe enemies are put to d
And I in better ſtate then euer I was
Pur. God hold it to your Honours
Haſt. Gramercy *Haſtings*, hold ſpe
He giues him his purſe.
Pur. God ſaue your Lordſhip.
Haſt. What ſir Iohn, you are well
I am beholding to you for your laſt
Come the next Sabboth, and I will c
Enter Buckingham.
Buc. How now Lord Chamberla
Your friends at *Pomfret* they do nee
Your Honour hath no ſhriuing wor
Haſt. Good faith, and when I met
Thoſe men you talke of, came into
What, go you to the Tower my Lo
Buc. I do, but long I ſhall not ſta
I ſhall returne before your Lordſhip
Haſt. 'Tis like enough, for I ſtay d
Buc. And ſupper too, although th